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LYRA YALENSIS



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LYRA YALENSIS

BY
EDWARD BLISS REED

AUTHOR OF
"ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY"



NEW HAVEN
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

BUT since I have found the beauty of joy
I have done with proud dismay:
For howsoe'er man hug his care
The best of his art is gay.

Robert Bridges.

The purpose of this little book is to reflect, however inadequately, something of the humor, the sentiment, the idealism of the Yale campus. Its appeal is, therefore, a limited one; yet if it can recall to graduates the days spent in New Haven, it may justify itself.

Some of these verses have already appeared in *Life*, *The Forum*, the *Oxford Magazine*, the *Yale Record*, the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the *Yale Alumni Weekly*. I wish to thank the editors of these periodicals for permission to republish.

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TO A FRESHMAN

THEY tell me that you start for Yale
tonight;

I trust it may not dull anticipation
To hear from me some homely maxims, quite
Horatian.

At college there are men who seek "great
place"

(So Bacon calls it) with much noise and
riot.

Remember shouting never won a race—
Keep quiet.

Life is a crowded course, the track is long,

The runner who would win is always ready;
Throw not away your strength in wine and
song—

Keep steady.

You'll hear much worldly-wisdom, simon-pure.

Look calmly at Truth's sun-light without
blinking;

Remember half the sure things are not sure—
Keep thinking.

The mind must move or else it turns to rust;
You blunt its edge when you descend to
shirking.

Test what you hear; take little upon trust—
Keep working.

It is no mark of greatness to complain,
And wit is far removed from mere reviling.
Remember laughter clears a clouded brain—
Keep smiling.

When failure seems the end of bold desire,
Sit not, like shivering Age, forever groping
Over the whitening ashes of the fire—
Keep hoping.

You may have watched a swimmer, far from
shore,
Sink 'neath a wave whose foaming crest is
breaking.
You hear his last cry in the ocean's roar,
(Mistaking).

The wave recedes, an arm gleams in the light,
He plunges on; life's cup seems overbrim-
ming,
So when a breaker buries *you* from sight—
Keep swimming.

TO ALUMNI HALL

WHERE once we rushed, like cattle sent
To slaughter, where the brave and
good
Flunked, 'neath the massive battlement
Of painted wood.

Where Banjo Clubs would jog a rhythm
To make the very floors unstable;
Where Richards taught the logarithm,
From four place table.

Where once the Junior danced the German,
Or told the chaperone tales that shocked
her,
As she sat yawning in her ermine,
Bored as a proctor.

Where each Commencement grads assembled
To hear the reverberate platitude,
And at the stalest jests dissembled
Great gratitude.

Alas, it goes! though o'er it glory
Floats with the flag; and yet, I grant it,
Better will be the dormitory
That's to supplant it.

Where safely sheltered from the road or
Gay York street, Freshmen at their will
May snuff up sanctity's fine odor,
From Dwight Hall grill.

ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF AN UNEXPECTED CUT

THERE was a time when campus, hall
and tower

The grass—a most pathetic sight—

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light

If the professor, lagging, missed the hour.

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

For now, an item in the News will say:

“Professor X. no lecture gives to-day.”

Or on a blackboard, read by all who pass:

“Instructor Grindhard cannot meet his class.”

It is not now as it hath been of yore;

List as I will,

All is too still,

The cheers which once I heard I hear no more.

Ye happy students, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

In my mind's eye, your boist'rous jubilee;

The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

A lecture's but a sleep and a forgetting

When trailing clouds of pipe-smoke do ye
come,

And too much learning works the mind's
upsetting

And leaves the spirit dumb.

Whither has fled the shout that pierced the
ear

When, in life's daily rut

Came the unhopèd-for cut?

Where (don't ask me), where are the elms of
yester-year?

Him, haply slumbering o'er a ponderous
tome

In Whitney Avenue home,

The clock arouses with its warning note.

With pallid face he's out upon the street,

Through lips, in anguish set,

Mutt'ring "I'll fool them yet"

And wishing that the hour would come with
leaden feet.

He waits with melancholy

The fast approaching trolley

But who his wild despair can ever guess

When he beholds—a Waterb'ry express!

Now must he run, on past the tennis courts

Where careless youth disports.

Now scarce he sees

Fair Hillhouse Avenue as on he flees;

He notes not how the elm-beetled trees high
over-arched embower,

He looks but at the clock on Sheffield tower,
And wishes that his legs, now wobbling, had
more power.

Yet on he rushes past the dining hall

Whence odors fierce appall;

On through the street yclepèd Grub

And in his speed displaces

The groups of boot-blacks with their shin-
ing faces,

(Ay, theirs the rub!)

What recks he though his shine be three days
old.

Nor does he even stop

To gaze in the Co-op

To find if one more text-book has been sold.

(Auri sacra fames,

O get-rich-quick disease.)

He does not stay to draw from his post-box

Those circulars of fortune-bringing stocks;

But faint, and scant of breath,

O'er Elm Street, 'scaping death

He leaps. Now from Durfee the way is
clear.

Sudden the chimes ring out, the students
cheer—

He utters low a word unmeet for lady's ear!

Battell's chimes toll the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly off to tea,
Professors homeward plod their weary way
And leave Yale's world to Donnelly and
me.

Thanks to their thirty cuts, the students live
Through tests and questionings with bluffs
and fears.

To me, an unexpected cut would bring
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
jeers.

IN OSBORN HALL

IN old days they say that Plato
Taught in quiet groves, where all
Heard him question and debate. O,
What a change from Osborn Hall.

Hear the trolley wheels loud creaking,
Listen to that deafening bell!
(That's not the Professor speaking,
Merely some young newsboy's yell.)

(Men on the front row reclining
Have not caught a word to-day,
Yet his forehead's moist and shining.
Sure he's working for his pay.)

That's a regimental band or
Minstrel show—they drum too much.
(He is lecturing on Landor,
And his quiet, classic touch.)

(Is that poetry he's reading?)
Siren screams a sounding shriek!
That's the fire-chief, and he's speeding.
One more fire sale this week.

On the Taft Hotel they're banging;
With a most infernal sound
Ring the iron girders, clanging
As they dump them on the ground.

Whistles blowing, tires bursting,
—Pandemonium's begun—
Soothe the mind for culture thirsting.
(What?—he's gone?—The lecture's done!)

THE SOLUTION

"The lack of proper and safe equipment for the priceless American fossil collections now stored—much of it still unstudied for lack of room—in Peabody Museum, has for nearly forty years been a cause of worry and lowered scholarly efficiency."—ALUMNI WEEKLY, January 24, 1913.

METHINKS I hear in chorus
Each half-mounted Brontosaurus,
Each Iguanodon, Pteranodon, and Spoon-Bill
Dinosaur,
Cry against their profanation:
"O respect our age Cretacian
Give us room to live our lives out! Can't
you set us up once more?"

I

Is this the famed museum where great Huxley
longed to be?
(Consult his *Life and Letters*, chapter thirty-
one.) Ah me!
Shall we send out expeditions to explore
unknown Peru,
When the cellar of Peabody offers work
enough to do?
Who can tell what there lies hidden, who is
rash enough to state
What's concealed within this barrel, what is
buried in that crate?

How it sets the pulses beating when we think
what may be found
In the basement of Peabody, just a few feet
underground.
In this room a saurian's two legs rise proudly
into space:
Read its card—"Left uncompleted; for the
rest there is no place."
Think in every walk of life how many fossils
meet our glance;
Is it only in Peabody that a fossil has no
chance?
Have we no respect for family, have we no
regard for birth?
Just consider that these creatures were the
biggest things on earth.

II

The solution is quite simple. Pious founders
pass them by,
But we cannot hear unmoved the pleading
Dinosaur's loud cry.
Start a Club; that seems too easy, yet this plan
is sure to win—
Make it quite select—at once both men and
money will come in.
Six months gone, the affluent treasurer will
say in his report:

“Shall we build a marble mansion, Grecian
temple, bomb-proof fort,
Tiger Inn, or Hasty Pudding?” No; one
better we will see 'em
And eclipse all clubs however famed by
founding—a Museum.
Sands of time await our footprints, or we
pass away unknown.
Let us honor these old creatures who left
footprints in the stone.
Give each fossil space to breathe in, mount
them on their favorite rocks;
What's the use of having fore-legs if they're
hidden in a box?
Then when all is put in order, as a Huxley
would have planned,
Call a meeting of the Club, inspect the build-
ing, then—DISBAND!

Methinks I hear a chorus,
The Ajax Apatosaurus,
Each Triceratops, each Saurian, each Spoon-
Bill Dinosaur,
Crying out in desperation:
“O respect our age Cretacian,
Give us room to live our lives out! Can't
you set us up once more?”

LINES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ELM

Lines written December 2, 1912, on the destruction of the elm long standing on the corner of College and Chapel Streets.

THY rugged form, thy proud, substantial
girth,
Thy branches—arms outstretched to greet
the sky,
Thy stubborn roots, entwisted deep in earth,
Could not avail. The sentinel must die.

In happier days, ere man defaced its realm,
It heard from hall and fence the college
glees;
And when the moon-light touched it, this old
elm
Shook, like a child, for joy, at every breeze.

Ah! heavy change! the gloomy, great white
way;
The Taft, that hides, unshamed, the sun-
set's glow;
Osborn, where midst the din, Professors pray
Their shrieks may carry far as the front
row.

DESTRUCTION OF AN ELM 15

Osborn, that weird, fantastic dream in stone,
Perched like a squatting toad with open
lip;

Or like a ferry-boat—banged, battered, blown,
Bumping a blunted nose into the slip.

The Taft, that strange, uncouth, smoke-
clouded shape,
Dwarfing the college towers in senseless
pride;

Can brick and lime-stone set the crowd agape,
When all must see there is another side?

Hail and farewell, old friend: 'tis thy last
Fall,

Take thy last cut! Woodman! spare not
this tree.

Fated to watch the Taft and Osborn Hall,
Death is release—'tis better not to be.

A LETTER OF ADVICE

(After Praed)

The Bachelors Club, New York

ONCE more we've come round to the
season

Of Prom time; New Haven is gay.
You hate it, and that is the reason
I'm sitting here writing to-day.
I'm afraid you are growing pedantic
With working too long on a book.
Shut it up—throw it in the Atlantic,
And thirty years back let us look.

That pest-house, that death trap,—the station—

That even the elements spurn,
(Once ablaze, in a just indignation
The flames were unwilling to burn)
We spoke of it then in derision,
Yet it seemed all of gold of pure grain,
A dream palace, seen in a vision,
As she stepped from the Farmington train.

'Twas the day of mazurka and schottische,
Quite removed from this Turkey trot
thing,
Where to music that's quite tommy-rottish
You kick out like jacks on a string.

I brought up Yale's finest to show her,
And I wrote one man's name in her book,
Who, until that Prom night, did not know
her,
Well—he was the man that she took.

We coasted, we danced, and we skated;
Life seemed at the crest of the wave,
For I thought . . . why complain? It was
fated.

Who says we are free? Each is slave
Of a Fortune that drives men like cattle,
Kills the king, gives the beggar the crown.
Do I see her? She lives in Seattle,
And they say that he owns half the town.

Her son is now taking your courses.
I saw the young hero last Fall.
He'd the strength of a whole team of horses,
And the speed of a deer, with the ball.
I rose with the crowd when they cheered him,
For it's better to cheer than to whine.
I'd have given my all to have reared him,
For a moment—I dreamed he was mine!

So don't be severe, my dear Herman,
Remember we both are grown old;
If they fall asleep after the German,
Don't stop in your lecture to scold.

Don't answer this with a polemic

On intellects going to rust;

Yes, dancing is unacademic,

But remember they're young and—THEY
MUST!

HEREDITY

WHEN Normans came in arms from
France

And each stout knight took sword and lance,
Amid the bold invading throng
Miss Dolly's ancestors belong.

When George the King upheld wrong laws
And patriots rose in Freedom's cause,
To war Miss Dolly's grandsire went,
The colonel of the regiment.

And when 'twixt states arose dark strife
Where brother sought a brother's life,
With courage high in leaden fire
Came from the South Miss Dolly's sire.

Now to the Prom Miss Dolly comes;
No sign of war, no beating drums,
Yet brings destruction to the dance,
Alas! she slays men with a glance.

RENUNCIATION

I MET you in the summer tide,
A world-famed Senior then;
On every side the doors flew wide
To me, a king of men.
I haunt no more the Newport shore,
'Tis Coney's isle I seek;
Ah, Clementine, what fate is mine,
On twenty-five a week!

You saw me sweep Yale's football field,
Spurred by the bleachers' roar.
Now unobserved, without a word,
I sweep an office floor.
My voice was great in each debate,
I'm queered now if I speak.
Ah, Clementine, can genius shine,
On twenty-five a week?

In limousine you ride a queen
In costly gown and wrap;
It brings despair when you pass me there
As I hang on a trolley strap.
Could I but share with some millionaire,
Some banker, fat and sleek —
Fate draws the line, you can't be mine,
On twenty-five a week!

VACATIONAL TRAINING

I

OUTSIDE a lecture room by chance
I happened to be waiting;
Two eager students caught my glance,
Both earnestly debating.

"What study," thought I, "thus can wake
Their unrestrained emotion?
'Twere well next year this course to take
That rouses such devotion."

"There's no such luck!" I heard one shout,
"Drop it! I know you're kidding;
Or else this course has worn you out
Until your brain is skidding!"

"Thank Heaven, it's true!" replied with joy
The first, his whole face grinning,
"But eight more lectures, then, my boy,
Vacation is beginning."

Buoyed up, they passed into the room,
(Whose room I shall not mention)
I saw each one of them assume
A look of rapt attention.

II

Next day I passed their teacher, where
Mid Whitney Avenue dust
He walked to save his trolley fare,
As all professors must.

"I'm just all in," I heard him state,
"My brain is getting seedy;
It's no soft snap to stimulate
The mental poor and needy.

"But three weeks more? You're sure that's
straight?
And then the term is ending!
Well, watch me hike right out! That's
great!
To Europe I'll be wending."

Did he say "hike"? That very word.
Much lower would you rate him
Did I repeat each phrase I heard.
I'm giving this verbatim.

Sadly perplexed, I watched him pass.
What curious aberration
Made both the teacher and his class
Long so for the vacation?

IN ABSENTIA

I SAY to you I hold it true
As axiom mathematical,
That he is blest above the rest
Who's off on his sabbatical.

He can explore each foreign shore
In manner autocratical;
In Greece he dreams—(and we read themes!)
The man on his sabbatical.

He sings a pæan o'er Bodleian,
In knowledge grows piratical.
We wear our mind on bluff and grind,
While he's on his sabbatical.

We toil each night; he can delight
In pleasures operatical,
Sleep late next day—and merely say:
“Why, I'm on my sabbatical!”

No telephone can make him groan
By constant ring emphatical.
Beyond the pale of dunning mail,
The man on his sabbatical.

When longed-for Spring but comes to bring
 A laziness climatical,
He need harass no sleepy class,
 The man on his sabbatical.

Millennium would surely come,
 And life would grow ecstatical,
Could we teach here the even year,
 The odd one, take sabbatical!

THE MATCH

(NOT AFTER SWINBURNE)

“Matches shall not be brought to the Library.”
—Bodleian Library Staff-Kalendar, 1912, p. 50.

ONE fatal day I wound my way
Up Bodley's steep ascent;
My shoulders showed the scholar's stoop,
Even my mind was bent
(On books)—I was no undergrad—
I knew what study meant.

As on I sped with decorous tread
Rare manuscripts to scan,
I drew a note from out my coat
And a match fell down! What man
Confronts me there with fearful glare?
'Tis the Librarian!!!

My blood congealed, my senses reeled,
For the stern rule I'd read;
I thought that every hair must rise
In terror on my head;
Then I recalled I was quite bald,
So I had a chill instead.

There in the gloom I saw my doom—
Ejected by the staff!
I'd read no more on the upper floor
The German monograph;
For me no home 'neath Radcliff's dome;—
I laughed a ghastly laugh.

"I swear 'tis true, I never knew
I owned that match." He sighed.
"Some knave, I wot, devised this plot
To ruin me," I cried.
"I never smoke"—no more I spoke,
For I saw he knew I lied.

He bent him down beneath his gown;
Now my last hope was dead.
My sight grew dim as I gazed on him,
Thrilled with a nameless dread.
I saw him snatch the accursed match—
'Twas a match without a head!

PROLOGUES
TO THE
SCENES DEPICTING THE HISTORY
OF YALE

PRESENTED ON THE CAMPUS BY THE
STUDENTS AT THE
TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
FOUNDING OF THE COLLEGE

I

THE FOUNDING OF THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

NO idle jests we offer you to-day,
No antique mask, no solemn, classic
play,
But on this petty stage we would present
The scenes our fathers saw, the ways they
went;
And for brief moments in your presence here,
Recall the past and bid the dead appear.
No dreamy fancies then we act for you,
But all you shall behold is sure and true.
First comes our simplest act, and here are
shown
The men who laid old Yale's firm corner-
stone.

The curtain rises upon the interior of the Reverend Samuel Russel's house at Branford. As this Puritan divine is examining his books, choosing which ones he will give for the foundation of a collegiate school, nine other ministers enter. One of them, the Reverend Abraham Pierson, having ascertained that all the

founders are present, places his own books on the table with the words, "I give these books for the founding of a college in the colony." The others repeat his action and his words. The Reverend Mr. Russel accepts the custody of the library; and in silence, by mutual consent, the ministers turn to the Reverend Mr. Noyes, who raises his hands and invokes the blessing of God as the curtain falls.

II

THE REMOVAL OF THE SCHOOL LIBRARY FROM SAYBROOK TO NEW HAVEN, 1718

YOU must suppose some twenty years have
 flown,
And with the years the school so strong has
 grown
That rival towns for deadly war prepare;
Each claims the school to be its pride and care.
And as the Greeks and Trojans, unsubdued,
Long waged on Ilium's plains the deadly feud,
So in old Saybrook rose the warrior's cry,
And women's wailings smote the distant sky.
A war for books our mimic stage will fill,
Behold the conflict, tremble—and keep still!

The people of Saybrook, angry because the school is to find its home in New Haven, have gathered to prevent by force the removal of the library. From the left, enter Governor Saltonstall, the sheriff, and a crowd of citizens and students eager for the fray. The Governor speaks: "For the good of the colony

this school must be moved to New Haven, no matter what these people say. Sheriff, here is your warrant. Do your duty!" In the riot that follows, many heads are broken and many books are destroyed. In the end, the students prevail and carry off the library in a cart amid shouts of triumph.

III

WASHINGTON AT YALE, JUNE 28, 1775

NOW for a little space I bid you see
The men who gained our country's
liberty.

Here in this deep, secluded college hall
They heard from distant fields the trumpet-
call.

And with a shout they answered it again;
Boys that they were, they played the part of
men!

Their cheer was heard above the musket
sound,

They left their dead on many a battle ground.
So came to Yale as her most honoured guest,
Of all our race, the bravest and the best.

Several students are discussing the newly formed Yale company with its captain, George Welles, when a messenger announces that General Washington is coming to inspect it. At once, assembly is sounded and the men fall in line. As General Washington enters with President Daggett, Captain Welles is putting

his soldiers through the manual of arms. Washington reviews the company and congratulates the captain on its appearance. The students request that they may escort Washington through the town on his way to Cambridge. He accepts their offer; they form and march off, with Noah Webster as drummer.

IV

THE EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE, SEPTEMBER 22, 1776

WE meet to praise and honor her to-night
Who freely gives to all her truth and
light.

No one in this vast throng but gladly sees
Her ivied walls, her towers, her arching
trees:

Yet most we cheer her when her flag's unfurled,

For sending out strong men into the world.
And of her strongest band, foremost is he
Who played her saddest, grandest tragedy.
No braver, nobler son had mother Yale:
Honor her spy, her martyr—Nathan Hale!

The sound of a muffled drum is heard and the tramp of marching men. The curtain rises upon a British officer and a squad of soldiers surrounding Nathan Hale. He stands beneath an apple tree, his hands bound, a rope about his neck. In the distance are a few spectators, overcome by helpless rage and sorrow. As the curtain falls, Hale says, calmly yet clearly: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

V

INITIATION INTO THE FRESH-
MAN SOCIETIES, 1850-1860

HISTORIANS tell us 'twas a gruesome
sight

To watch the Druids at their mystic rite;
In Greece, though it was somewhat hard to
see,

They had the Eleusinian mystery;
But Celt and Greek, outdone, would bow the
head

Before Yale's Freshman orders, now long
dead.

Therefore we offer to the public view
Those secret rites that turned the Freshman
blue.

We now recall them though their day is
done:

Bring on the candidates and watch the fun!

On a darkened stage gleam a few ghostly
lights showing stocks, a guillotine and a huge
caldron. About it stand Sophomores in black
robes and masks, uttering weird cries as some
cowering Freshmen are led in. They are

made to kneel. It thunders and shooting flames issue from the caldron. The Sophomores throw off their cowls and stand attired in hideous forms. The Freshmen are driven about, tossed in blankets, stocked, guillotined, and finally caught by a huge devil and pitchforked into the seething caldron.

VI

THE BURIAL OF EUCLID, 1857

OUR studious fathers, in the good old days,
Would burn the midnight oil—'tis to their praise.

Yet once a year a different course they took:
They saved the oil and burned instead the book.

Some say that this was done in simple spite;
Others, to prove that knowledge is a light.

So here you see, poor victim to their ire,
Old Euclid flaming on his funeral pyre.

In this commercial age such customs stop:
We save our books to sell to the "Co-op."

A crowd of students enter in solemn procession to the music of a dirge. They perform various mystic rites, but gradually relax into a more hilarious mood. Euclid is laid upon the funeral pyre; a Latin oration is pronounced; and the book is burned amid demonstrations of profound grief.

VII

THE FENCE, 1870-1890

MANY will think on vanished days to-night,

And search in vain for some familiar sight.

They knew the smaller Yale of long ago,

The simpler outline of the Old Brick Row.

Still through all change, 'tis Yale they see
again :

Yale lives not in her walls, but in her men !

And yet in all her glory they still miss

What ne'er can be recalled again—'tis this,

This simple structure, plain, without pretense,

The bond of friendships; 'tis the old Yale
Fence.

The Fence, as it stood before the erection of Osborn Hall, with the Brick Row in the background. Students are lounging about. Customs of the time are shown in quick succession: the effects of a fire alarm, of the passing of stylishly dressed or handsome pedestrians, of the news of an athletic victory, of the arrival of a victorious team. After a short intermission, the Fence is seen at night. A few students, gathered in the moonlight, sing their college songs.

VIII

A COLLEGE ROOM, OCTOBER 21,
1901

A JOURNEY far we've made into the
past;—

Now to the present we return at last.

How once our fathers lived at Yale, we've
shown;

Now see our life—the life we all have known;
Of thought, of strength, of hope untouched by
care,

When songs and laughter ring out through
the air.

No castle towering proudly to the sky,

No princely palaces can ever vie

With these Yale homes, so friendly, free from
gloom,—

What brighter spot than our old college
room?

A room crowded with students. While one is attempting to study, others are playing a piano, mandolins, guitars, and singing at the top of their lungs. Visitors of every description enter: boot-blacks, old clothes men, news-helpers, book agents, collectors. The noise at length disturbs a proctor, who suddenly enters and quells an incipient riot.

IX

THE YALE COLLEGE CHAPEL

FOR you we have done our best to-night,
For you we succeed or fail;
Have we done ill, have we done aright,
We have worked for the honour of Yale.

For she gives us strength, she gives us hope,
She gives us a courage free;
Her call of cheer all the land shall hear,
And the isles of the distant sea.

Her truth is fair as a jewel rare,
Her light shall the stars surpass;
May fame and honor be ever her share,—
Lux et Veritas!

The rising of the curtain discloses the students in the pews in chapel, their backs turned to the audience. In the pulpit, at the back of the stage, facing down the middle aisle to the front, stands Elihu Yale. The students rise and sing the Doxology. At its close, Elihu Yale walks down the aisle, the students bowing low as he passes. As he reaches the footlights, the audience rises with one accord and joins in a second singing of the Doxology.

A BALLAD OF ALL SOULS DAY

MY little page," the lady said,
"In dreams I saw last night
Thy master standing by my bed
With visage worn and white.

"I saw the red cross on his breast,
From sword-hilt flashed a gem;
He said, 'At last I've earned my rest,
I've won Hierusalem.'

"I thought for joy my heart would break,
But swift he turned away;
I cried to him—I was awake!
And this is All Souls day.

"In the gray chapel 'neath the wall
I've prayed before the shrine
Until the saints have heard my call
And saved this love of mine.

"I know the holy city's ta'en,
The long crusade is o'er,
This morn thy master comes again
Home from far Eastern shore."

Upon the walls the lady went,
For very joy wept she,
And all the morn her gaze she bent
For tidings from the sea.

BALLAD OF ALL SOULS DAY 43

All morn she looked—but looked in vain,
Yet still her watch would keep;
She saw nought but some peasant's wain,
Or flock of straggling sheep.

In the gray chapel 'neath her feet
There gleams the candle's ray,
And clear-voiced choristers repeat
The prayers for All Souls day.

The sun sank low, the wind blew chill,
She looked far out to sea,
When suddenly across the hill
A knight rode hastily.

"Run down, run down, my little page,
Yon rider spurs so fast;
He brings me news of pilgrimage,
Thy master comes at last."

To the moat bridge the horseman rode;
It fell, with creaking chain.
He crossed, and sadly, without word,
He threw the page his rein.

"Now welcome back, good Delarolle;
And is my lord quite near?"
He bowed his head. "God rest his soul!
He fell 'neath paynim spear."

TWO GREEK PORTRAITS

PENELOPE

PENELOPE, Penelope,
She sat in silence by the sea.
Far out she gazed with eager eye,
Naught but the gulls could she descry;
And her Odysseus, where was he?
Penelope, Penelope.

Penelope, Penelope.
Is this the end of constancy
Such as the world had never known,
Here by the sea to watch alone?
And her Odysseus, where was he?
Penelope, Penelope.

"Ye gulls, as o'er the waves ye flew,
Saw ye Odysseus and his crew?
O clouds, O winds, O dancing foam,
Tell if his prow is pointed home!"
No answer came, alas, to thee,
Penelope, Penelope.

Penelope, Penelope.
She sank into a reverie:
Odysseus seemed to tread the shore,

She heard his thrilling voice once more—
Who calls? who speaks? Can that be Death?
Nay, 'tis her maid all out of breath.

“Please, Ma'am, will you come home with
me?

There's fifty suitors come to tea.
The cook has left, there ain't no meat,
There's nothing in the house to eat.
I'm overworked and underpaid,
You've got to get another maid!”

* * * * *

One long, last look out o'er the sea,
Then home she skipped, Penelope.

ARIADNE

ON the sand stood Ariadne, o'er the water
gazing sadly,
For she saw across the lonely waves no gray
sail drawing near.
Then she stooped down gently, lightly, and
her eyes shone clearly, brightly,
As she lifted up a fragile shell and pressed
it to her ear.

And she said, "O whispering shell, have you
heard the swift winds tell,
Have the dipping gulls called to you where
my Theseus sails the sea?
I have waited long despairing, all alone my
sorrow bearing,
Tell me when the wind and waves shall bring
him back again to me."

Then she heard the shell's soft murmur, like
the bees in early summer,
Or like distant music stealing o'er a lake in
dim twilight,
When each voice is hushed to listen, and the
calming moon-beams glisten,
While the floating sounds scarce strike the
ear, then fade into the night.

And the shell's low, ceaseless murmur whispered, "Never, never, never,
Ne'er again, O Ariadne, shall your Theseus
tread this shore.

He is false and he is faithless, all his vows of
love were worthless,
He has fled from you and left you—you shall
never see him more."

Ariadne, Ariadne, not one moment did she
tarry,

But with all her little strength into the sea
she threw the shell,

And the water seemed to greet it for a wave
rose up to meet it,

And the sparkling ripples seemed to laugh as
with a splash it fell.

But far out a wave came dancing, like a war
horse, leaping, prancing,

And it proudly bowed its foam-capped head
and broke with echoing roar;

Then the water rushed and scurried, quickly
to the sea it hurried,

And again, at Ariadne's feet, the shell lay on
the shore.

Ariadne, Ariadne, grasped the shell then,
eager, gladly,
For she said, "The sea has sent you back this
time to tell me true;
When shall I, my lone watch keeping, see his
prow come slowly creeping,
Till his gray sails and his tall mast gleam
against the heaven's blue?"

Then she listened, listened ever, but the shell
said, "Never, never."
Still she listened, hoping, fearing, saying, "Ah,
it cannot be,"
Till the day gave place to even and the pale
stars wept in heaven,
While, far off, her faithless Theseus fled
across the trackless sea.

A PICTURE

ON harpsichord, Clarissa plays
The melodies of by-gone days.
Forgotten fugue, a solemn tune,
The bars of stately rigadoon.
With head bent down to scan each note,
A crimson ribbon round her throat,
The very birds to sing forget
As some old-fashioned minuet
Clarissa plays.

King George long since has passed away,
And minuets have lived their day.
Within some hidden attic nook
Lies in the dust her music book.
Gone are those keys her fingers pressed,
Gone with the roses at her breast.
Yet still unmindful of Time's flight
With face demure, with fingers light,
Clarissa plays.

L'ENVOI

GO, lovely Rose, and to her tell
All I would say, could I but see
That slender form I know so well,
Those roguish eyes that laughed at me.

And when your fragrance fills the room,
Tell her of all I hope and fear:
With every breath of your perfume,
Whisper my greetings in her ear.

But, Roses, stay; there is one thing
You need not mention. Don't forget!
(It might prove quite embarrassing)
And that is—you're not paid for yet!

ROMANCE

"But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."—BACON, *Of Friendship*.

I'M caught in this corner, no moving at all,
With this miserable cup that I'm bound
to let fall;

I must take my part, too, in this game they
all play

Of just talking along when you've nothing to
say.

"Do you know what I've heard?" "They
don't dream of divorce?"

"Her pearls . . . hm! . . . just good imita-
tions, of course."

"Do watch Mrs. Bond, with her kittenish air;
"Every Spring she comes out in a new shade
of hair."

"Just look at Miss Folly's ridiculous hat!"

"My dear, aren't you glad you've no daughter
like that?"

"And they say Mrs. Rich"—"No, that cannot
be true."

"Well, you never can tell what a woman
won't do."

Is a man made for this? What worse place
could there be

Than a chattering, gossiping afternoon-tea!

Perhaps you've not noticed that girl over
there

With the deep, dreamy eyes and the dark,
wavy hair.

She stands by that window, apart from the
rest,

Looking down on the violets worn at her
breast.

That man who is with her is simply a cad;
His family, manners and jokes all are bad.

But to-day all such obstacles one may sur-
mount

Provided he's blest with a fat bank account.

And I, well—I've something quite earnest to
say

If she only would glance for a moment my
way,

But she never will turn—"Mr. Brown, is that
you?"

"Thanks; another small cup." "Is it one
lump or two?"

Yes, of course I'm a fool—that is easy to see—

But—still I stay on at this DAMNABLE
tea!!!

IN VACATION

I

THE WRECK

LONE on the beach the old wreck stands
Half hidden by the drifting sands.
Fiercely the waves against it beat
Yet still it braves the summer heat
And the winter blast, when the waves roll
fast,
An old, old wreck—and the sky's o'ercast.

The shells and weeds have o'er it grown;
It hears the distant sand-bar moan,
The snipe's shrill call, the gull's harsh cry,
And the breezes singing a lullaby.
The shadows fall and the sand grows brown,
An old, old wreck—and the sun's gone down.

The sky is black and the air is cold,
The wild waves crash on the timbers old:
They leap and roar like some beast of prey,
Till the wreck is white with the tossing spray.
It creaks and groans as the waves dash by,
An old, old wreck—and the tide is high.

The sea is still as a child asleep,
Far down the heaven the bright stars creep;
The moon caresses the earth below,
And the waters rise with a gentle flow.
The bare dunes now are in beauty drest,
An old, old wreck—and the world's at rest.

II

FRENCHMAN'S BAY

SUDDEN and swift the mountains rise
Smiting the heavens free;
Close o'er their heads are the sun-swept skies,
And close at their feet—the sea!

For the fleet waves race past the mountains'
base
To the calm of the pine fringed bay;
They come from the deeps where the tempest
sweeps
Round dim isles far away.

Now the waves are black with the storm-
wind's track,
They are green as a mermaid's eyes,
When faint stars shine they are crimson wine,
They are wan when the daylight dies.

On the rocks they moan in a sullen tone,
Like wolves on the beach they leap,
They ripple and sigh in a lullaby
Charming a child to sleep.

In the loveless day when the skies are gray,
The sea is a widow old ;
Beneath the moon, she's a bride of June,
Glowing in cloth of gold.

But the peaks are unmoved by the plundering
storm,
Unthrilled by the moonlight's lure.
What change can they know, what passion's
glow,
Those mountains strong and sure?

Safe on the hill ye may rest who will,
But the waves weave a spell o'er me ;
Where the tide runs high, where the shrill
gulls cry,
I follow the restless sea.

THE HERITAGE

FROM the drear North, a cold and cheer-
less land,

Our fathers sprang.

They drove no flocks to crop the tender grass,
They gazed on lonely moor, on deep morass,
And wintry skies whence, to their viking band,
The raven sang.

O'er flowerless lands the storm-tossed forests
threw

A gloomy pall.

On treacherous seas they raised their plunder-
ing sail,

Fought with the waves, outrode the Northern
gale,

High overhead the startled sea gulls flew
With clamoring call.

They heard the breakers smite the quivering
shore

With thunder roll.

No songs they sang to greet the Harvest wain
In happy fields rich with the ripened grain;
Stern was their world, a sorrow stern they
bore

Deep in the soul.

Through countless years, faint memories of
their times

Will oft awake.

From waves and shifting sands, their resting
place,

The Norsemen send us, offspring of their race,
Dimly remembered dreams, like minster
chimes

Heard o'er a lake.

So come dark moments, when in this green
land

Norsemen are we;

And crave the sorrow of the leafless wood,
Or seek some barren dune's gray solitude
To hear bleak winds go moaning down the
sand,

By the wild sea.

ADVENTURE

I

I LOVED my garden; in its cloistered plot
Blossomed the earliest daffodils of
Spring.

Hiding gray walls the roses climbed; each spot
Breathed blessing; tender violets languish-
ing

Scattered faint incense. Honeysuckle sweet,
And fragrant grass—soft rest for weary feet—
Enticed the care-worn soul. All that birds
sing

I knew, and with each note my heart would
reach

A tranquil joy beyond our mortal speech.

One morn, across the distant, sheltering hill,
Swift from the sea the eastern wind blew
strong.

The blackbird's note was hushed; as all grew
still

I heard far off that ancient, charmèd song—
The ocean's call. The flowers I loved so well
Trembled and died. Half freed from drowsy
spell

Of garden glamourie, I lingered long,

Then opened wide the gate and out did
pass—

The red rose strewed its petals down the
grass.

Through the rich meadows, past the moors
I went.

(The song of birds came faintly down the
hill)

Sweeter than roses was the waves' keen scent,
I heard the wheeling sea gulls calling shrill.
With bruised hands I clambered down a ledge
And reached—no resting place—the ocean's
edge.

Dim dreams came to my heart, brave
thoughts that thrill.

There lay a boat, for this day was I made,
Push out! and o'er the hill the roses fade.

II

I CANNOT tell where lies my land,
I have no guiding star, no chart,
Clutching the tiller, firm I stand
And fight the waves with unmoved heart.

Tossed by the stealthy waves, alone
On trackless tides where strange stars shine,
I seek far regions, vast, unknown.
(Hark! how the gale sweeps o'er the brine!)

Rest—'twas the empty gift of Death.
The Gods themselves that man deride
Who waits their word with trembling breath,
His path untrod and life untried.

'Tis cold. Far off in cloistered plot
The roses bloom, the violets wait.
Breakers!—I would not change my lot,
Nor turn dismayed from unknown Fate.

FINIS.

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